Australian Cannibals.

CANNIBALISM, apparently, has its refinements. In North Australia there are certain cannibal tribes who make a practice of eating slain friends, but not enemies—a habit which should discourage friendliness.

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the rescue of Henry Hudson's mutinous crew, in 1611, after they had set the heroic explorer and his son adrift to die in the ice of the Arctic seas. None of them was punished.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W Chambers.
Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"FAIR? Of course! It's far too liberal an offer—but I—"

"It's worth that to me, Quarren—if you can see your way to helping me out"——

"But my help isn't worth half what these pictures might very easily bring—even at public auction"——

Why not? I'd have to pay an auctioneer, an expert to appraise them—an art dealer to hang them in his gallery for a couple of weeks—either that or rent a place by the year. The only way I can recompense you for your wall space, for talking art talk to visitors, for fixing prices, is to offer you half of what we make. Why not? You pay a pretty stiff rent here, don't you? You also pay a servant. You pay for heat and light, don't you? So if you'll turn this floor into a combination gallery of sorts—are and real estate, you see—we'll go into business, egad! What? The Dankmere galleries! What? By gad I'll have a sign made to hang out there beside your shingle—only I'm afraid you'll have to pay for it, Quarren, and recompense yourself after we sell the first picture."

"But, Dankmere," he protested, very much amused, "I don't want to become a picture dealer."

"What's the Odds!"

"What's the harm? Take a shot at it, old chap! A young man can't collect too many kinds of experience. Take me for example. I've sold dogs and hunters on commission, gone shares in about every rotten scheme anybody ever suggested to me, financed a show, and acted in it—as you know—and, by gad!—here I am now a dealer in old masters! Be a good fellow and come in with me. What?"

"I don't really know enough about antique pictures to——"

"What's the odds! Neither do I! My dear sir, we must lie like gentlemen for the honor of the Dankmere gallery. What? Along comes a chap walking slowly and painfully for the weight of the money in his pockets. 'Ho!' says he—'a genuine Can Dyck!' 'Certainly,' you say, very coldly. And, 'How much?' says he, shivering for fear he mayn't get it. 'Three hundred thousand dollars,' you say, trying not to yawn in his face——"

Quarren could no longer control his laughter; Dankmere blinked at him amiably.

"We'll hang them anyhow, Dankmere," he said. "As long as there is so little business in the office I don't mind looking after your pictures for you"——

"Yours, too," urged the earl.

"No; I can't accept anything"—

"Then it's all off," exclaimed Dankmere, turning a bright red. "I'm blessed if I'll accept charity—even if I am hunting heiresses. I'll marry money if I can, but I'm damned if I hold out a tin cup for coppers!"

"If you feel that way," began Quarren, very much embarrassed, "I'll do whatever would make you feel comfortable"——

"Half interest or it's all off! A Dankmere means what he says—now and then."

"One-third interest, then"——

"A half!—by gad! There's a good fellow!"

"No; one-third is all I'll accept."

"Oh, very well. It may amount to ten dollars—it may amount to ten thousand—and ten times that, perhaps. What?"

"Perhaps," said Quarren, smiling. "And if you're going out, Dankmere, perhaps you had better order a sign painted—anything you like, of course. Because I'm afraid I couldn't leave these pictures here indefinitely and we might as well make plans to get rid of some of them as soon as possible."

"Right-o! I'm off to find a painter. Leave it to me, Quarren. And when the picture hangers come, have them hung in poor light—I mean the pictures—God knows they need it—the dimmer the light the better. What? Take care of yourself, old chap. There's money in sight, believe me;"

And the lively little earl trotted out, swinging his stick and setting his straw hat at an angle slightly rakish.

No business came to the office that sunny afternoon; neither did the picture-hangers. And Quarren, uneasy, and not caring to leave Dankmere's ancestral collection of pictures in the back yard all night lest cats and a possible shower knock a little superfluous antiquity into them, had just started to get out and hire somebody to help him carry the canvases into the basement, when the office door opened in his very face and Molly Wycherly came in, breezily.

"Why, Molly!" he exclaimed, surprised; "this is exceedingly nice of you——"

"Oh, Ricky, I'm glad to see you! But I don't want to buy a house or sell one or anything. I'm very unhappy—and I'm glad to see you—"

She pressed his hand with both her gloved ones; he closed the door and returned to the office; and as she seated herself on top of his desk.

"You dear boy," she said; "you are thin and white and you don't look very happy either. Are you?"

"Why, of course I'm happy——"

A Way Out.

"I don't believe it! Anyway, I was passing, and I saw your shingle swinging, and I made the chauffeur stop on the impulse of the moment. • • • How are you, Ricky dear?"

"First rate. You are unusually pretty, Molly."

"I don't feel so. Strelsa and I came into town for the afternoon—on the most horrid business, Ricky."

"I'm sorry——"

"You will be sorrier when you hear that about all of Strelsa's money was in that miserable Adamant Trust Company which is causing so much scandal. You didn't know Strelsa's money was in it, did you?"

"No," he said gravely.

"Isn't it dreadfull The child doesn't know whether she will ever get a penny or not. Some of those disgusting men have run away, one shot himself—you read about it!—and now they are trying to pretend that the two creatures they have arrested are insane and irresponsible. I don't care whether they are or not; I'd like to kill them. How does their insanity concern Strelsa? For three weeks she hasn't known what to think, what to expect—and even her lawyers can't tell her. I hate lawyers. But I think the chances are that her pretty house will be for sale before long. • • • Wouldn't it be too tragic if it came into your office——"

"Don't say such things, Molly," he said, bending his head over the desk and fumbling with his pen.

"Well, I know you'd be sympathetic. It's a shame—a crime!—it's absolutely disgusting the way that men gamble with other people's money and cheat and lie and—and—oh, it's a perfectly rotten world and I'm tired of it!"

"Where is Mrs. Leeds?" he asked in a low voice.

"At Witch-Hollow—in town for this afternoon to see her stupid lawyers. They don't do anything. They say they can't just yet. They're lazy or—something worse. That's my opinion. We go out on the five-three train—Strelsa and I"——

"Is she—much affected?"

"No; and that's the silly part of it. It would simply wreck me. But she hasn't wept a single tear • • • I suppose she'll have to marry, now"— Mrs. Wycherly blanced askance at Quarren, but his face remained gravely expressionless.

"Ricky dear?"

"Yes."

"I had a frightful row, on your account, with Mrs. Sprowl."

"I'm sorry. Why?"

"I told her I was going to ask you and Strelsa to Witch-Hollow."

Quarren said calmly.

"Don't do it then, Molly. There's no use of your getting in wrong with Mrs. Sprowl."

Mrs. Wycherly laughed:

"Oh, I found a way around. I asked Mrs. Sprowl and Sir Charles at the same time."

"What do you mean?" he said, turning a colorless face to hers.

"What I say. Ricky dear, I suppose that Strelsa will have to marry a wealthy man, now—and I believe she realizes it, too—but I—I wanted her to marry you, some day"——

He swung around again, confronting her.

"You darling!" he said under his breath.

Mrs. Wycherly's lip trembled and she dabbed at her eyes.

A Moment Of Sadness.

"I wish I could express my feelings like Mrs. Sprowl, but I can't," she said naively. "Sir Charles will marry her now; I know perfectly well he will — unless Langly Sprowl——"

Quarren drew his breath sharply.

"Not that man," he said.

"God knows, Ricky. He's after Strelsa every minute—and he can make himself agreeable. The worst of it is that Strelsa does not believe what she hears about him. Women are that way, often. The moment the whole world pitches into a man, women are inclined to believe him a martyr—and end by discrediting every unworthy story concerning him. • • • I don't know, but I think it is already a little that way with Strelsa. • • • He's a clever brute—and oh! what a remorseless man! • • • I said that once to Strelsa, and she said very warmly that I misjudged him. • • • I wish Mary Ledwith would come back and bring things to a crisis—I do, indeed."

Quarren said, calmly:

"You don't think Mrs. Leeds is engaged to Sprowl, do you?"

"No. • • • I don't think so. Sometimes I don't know what to think of Strelsa. I'm certain that she was not engaged to him four weeks ago when she was at Newport."

Quarren gazed out into the sunlit street. It was just four weeks ago that her letters ceased. Had she stopped writing because of worry over the Adamant Trust? Or was there another reason?

"I suppose," said Molly, dabbing at her eyes, "that Strelsa can't pick and choose now. I suppose she's got to marry for sordid and sensible and material reasons. But if only she would choose Sir Charles—I think I could be almost reconciled for her losing you——"

Quarren laughed harshly.

"An irreparable loss to any woman," he said. "I doubt that Mrs. Leeds survives losing me."

"Ricky. She cares a great deal for you! So do I. And Strelsa does care for you——"

"Not too rashly I hope," he said with another disagreeable laugh.

"Oh, that isn't like you, Ricky. You're not the sneering, fleering, nasty kind. If you are badly hurt, take it better than that——"

"I can't!" he said between set teeth. "I care for her; she knows it. I guess she knows, too, that what she once said to me started me into what I'm doing now—working, waiting, living like a dog—doing my best to keep my self-respect and obtain hers——" He choked, regained his self-control, and went on quietly:

"Why do you think I dropped out of everything? To try to develop whatever may be in me—so that I could speak to her as an equal and not as the court jester and favorite mountebank of the degenerate gang she travels with—"

"Ricky!"

"I beg your pardon," he said sullenly.

"I am not offended, you poor boy • • • I hadn't realized that you were so much in love with her—so deeply concerned——"

"I have always been • • • She knows it. • • • • " He cleared his eyes and turned a dazed gaze on the sunny street once more.

"If I could——" he stopped! a hopeless look came into his eyes. Then he suddenly shook his head.

Love Requires Money.

"Oh, Ricky! Ricky! Can't you do something? Can't you make a lot of money very quickly? You see Strelsa has simply got to marry money. Be fair; be just to her. A girl can't exist without money, can she? You know that, don't you?"

"I've heard your world say so."

"You know it's true!"

"I don't know what is true. I don't know truth from falsehood. I suppose that love requires money to keep it nourished—as roses require manure——"

"Ricky!"

"I'm speaking of your world"—"My world! The entire world knows that money is necessary—except perhaps a silly sentimentalist here and there"——

"Yes, there are one or two—here and there," he said. "But they're all poor—and prejudiced."

Molly applied her handkerchief to her eyes viciously.

"I hope you are not one, Ricky. I'm sure I'm not fool enough to expect a girl who has been accustomed to everything to be contented without anything."

"There's her husband as an asset."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon"

STRELSA LEEDS—A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN—A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON—A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH—Who, betrayed by Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside.

THE EARL OF DANKMERE—Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.

MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her money.

MRS. SPROWL—A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

When a Girl Marries

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

AS Miss Brownlow fled, the interoffice phone on Carl's desk began buzzing. With a smothered ejaculation, he sank into a chair and seized the receiver.

At this moment the door opened and in walked a harassed looking man, whom I took to be from the advertising department. With him was a familiar, squat figure. At a glance I recognized Max Hoadley of Hoadley's hats—the irate customer, evidently, who was about to cancel a big advertising contract and so put a blot on Carl's regime, as editor of Haldane's. Not only this, but the loss of his advertising was one I fancied would hurt Mr. Haldane financially.

"H'lo, h'lo, Mrs. Harrison," cried Max Hoadley in the clubbiest of fashion. "What are you doing here, my dear? Didn't I tell you if you ever were in need of a job, you should come to me, and now from what the Brownlow lady said and finding you here and all, I guess you're trying to sell something here."

"Oh, no," I replied airily. "I've just come back to resume my position as secretary to the editor and general assistant to his whole department. So let's get right down to the matter of the advertising you're going to withdraw. I've still several minutes to spare before I go out to keep a luncheon appointment. Unless, of course, you'd rather wait until Mr. Booth finishes his business over the 'phone."

"I'll deal with you," said Max Hoadley hoarsely, and making a gallant bow which landed him on what looked like the verge of a fit of apoplexy.

The harassed looking man faded out of the room. Melted—in fact. Carl looked up from his telephone with a face which was a study in deliberate blankness. And with my heart beating high I opened the door to the little room which had always been my office in the old days at Haldane's. It was empty, but in good order. My sucbessor had left pencils and pads on the desk.

Sinking into the chair at the desk, I motioned the astonished Hoadley into the other chair the little room held. Then, flinging a glance back through the half open door at Carl, who had slumped down over the telephone, I said in my most business-like manner:

"Now, let's get at the facts please."

"So you're secretary to the editor of Haldane's," ejaculated Max Hadley, his shrewd little eyes squinting at me appraisingly and his lips puffing out with a queer suggestion that he was tasting the situation. "Queer world, this! That time I came to you about the chauffeur you'd once had to drive you around. I never thought you'd ever be taking orders in any office. Queer! Mighty queer! You wouldn't like to take up that offer I made in fun and make your living modelling hats for the trade, would ya? Bet you'd make good, all right—a perfect hat model. There's money in it."

Holding my emotions carefully in leash, I replied smoothly:

"This has always been my pet job, Mr. Hoadley. I got lonesome for it and so I am here again, just in time to make notes on the suit you're going to bring against Haldane's."

"Suit? Who said suit? I don't like the law at all," blustered Max Hoadley.

"I beg your pardon," I cried with my best air of contrition. "It isn't a suit at all, is it? You're merely going to cancel your advertising contract—that's it, isn't it?"

"Who said I was going to cancel?" bellowed Max Hoadley. "This is a mighty good advertising medium for a national campaign like mine."

"I am stupid," I said humbly, mustering up meanwhile my most propitiating smile. "I don't believe I had the facts at all. Won't you give them to me?"

"It's like this!" explained Hoadley benignantly, leaning forward and placing his fudgy fingers tip to tip about his fat paunch. "I use two pages in Haldane's every issue. Have for years. One for copy, one for display. I decided to take 'em in color instead of the sepia I've always used. And I sent over my order."

"You sent it—or did your publicity man?" I interrupted, with an air of innocence.

"I did."

"Of course. You're the boss."

(To be Continued Saturday.)

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

—By Aline Michaelis—

IT'S quite the fad these days to speak of spots you'd like to visit; some poeple pine to scale Pike's Peak, some say the coast's exquisite. Some fellows want to sail afar upon the bounding billows, while others board a motor car for camps with pinecone pillows. But I make wiser choice than theirs when planning my excursion, for when the sun of August glares I want a new diversion. I dream of fresh, untrodden sites where only I would ramble through freezing days and colder nights I'd skate about and gambol. My August choice would be a place devoid of leafy bowers, where not a bird would show its face, there'd be no trees or flowers. But I would settle full of cheer upon my iceberg dwelling for full a fourth of every year with joy beyond all telling. With ice above and ice below in rainbow colors glowing, I'd daily revel in the snow with zero breezes blowing. There'd be no envy in my soul for any seaside pleasure, for with my iceberg at control I'd ask no other treasure. While people in my own home State were weeping daily, nightly with heat-waves up to ninety, I'd shake and shiver slightly. With ear-muffs of the latest style and bear-skin robe to warm me, I'd float upon my icy isle where heat could never harm me. I'd think of former tragic times with icemen harsh and cruel who took a stock of hard-earned dimes for every icy jewel. A tea-cup full for 50 cents, that's how it was retailing; an orgy, this, of wild expense to set a fellow wailing. So I would gladly leave the hills and ocean's pleasant places, could I but feel the charming chills that rise from cool crevasses.

Wit and Wisdom

Men don't say any more that women's place is in the home. It is well enough to be brave, but why be foolhardy?

The man who invents a noiseless ashcan will be the patron saint of all apartment dwellers.

"Edith can't think much of that fellow she married."

"What makes you say that?"

"She goes about saying she's made another man of him."

Women tire quicker than men—but then they have men to tire them.

How to make an emotional actress out of a screen star: Cut her salary.

Some folding beds fold once and some fold twice—but once is usually enough.

Some marriages are awfully simple and others are simply awful.

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

"I SAW Philip this morning," he went on; "but, of course, you know, he said he had been staying down in the country. He ran up to settle a few business matters with me."

"Yes—oh, yes." Calligan, looking at Eva, marvelled at the composure of her voice. His own blood felt on fire for her. Philip had been to New York, and he had not been to the apartments. It was monstrous—preposterous!

"And when is it settled that he leaves?" She was asking casually; one would have thought it a matter of complete indifference to her.

Faulkner knocked the ash from his cigar into a tray.

He sails on the twenty-second," he said innocently. "That is—let me see—two weeks from today."

It seemed to Eva that for a moment the whole world stood still. The crowded, brilliantly lit restaurant seemed to recede to a great distance, and then come swelling back to her with nightmare swiftness. She was conscious of a terrible numbness, and from the whiteness of her face her blue eyes sought Calligan's piteously.

There was only one way in which to help her; by attracting Faulkner's attention from her agitation, and Calligan threw himself gallantly to the effort.

To give her time—just a moment in which to recover herself. When he looked at her again the dreadful pallor had left her face, she even managed a smile.

"I am glad it's all settled," she said bravely. "Philip has wanted something to occupy his time for ever so long. And he was always keen on going abroad, wasn't he, Mr. Calligan?"

"Yes—yes, I believe he was."

Calligan changed the subject skillfully. They talked on ordinary matters till Faulkner rose.

"You must come and see us," Eva told him, as they shook hands. "I can't promise that Philip will be there, but I shall be delighted to see you."

It was only when Faulkner had gone that she turned to Calligan with sudden weakness.

"Oh, do you think we might go home?"

"We will go at once."

He found a taxicab and put her into it.

"Would you rather go alone?" he asked. He was dreading being left with her, but Eva insisted.

"Come with me—of course! Why not?"

There was a little excited note in her voice. She talked away the whole time, covering Calligan's silence. She never spoke of her husband, and it was only just as they were nearing the apartments that Calligan said desperately:

"What are we going to do? What can we do?"

She wilfully misunderstood him.

"What are we going to do? Why, go home and have a smoke and some coffee, of course! What else can we do?"

He took her hand in a hard grip.

"Don't play with me, Eva. Don't pretend that you don't understand • • • somehow I can't stand it tonight. You know what I mean, Philip is going away in two weeks, and if you expect me to stand by and let him go without an effort to prevent it I tell you that I can't. I tell you that it's a physical impossibility."

She looked away from him out into the dark street; then she said, in a voice so hard and strange that he hardly recognized it.

"Let him go. Why should we try to prevent him if he wants to go?"

"It's your whole life's happiness. You can't throw it away for what may be just a misunderstanding. Philip's a good fellow. I've known him longer than you have, and I beg of you—four your own sake." • • •

She dragged her hand away.

"It's no good. I've done everything I can. I can't be hurt and humiliated any more. Oh, it's all very fine for you to talk. You don't know what it's all been. You heard what Mr. Faulkner said—that Philip is in town. He hasn't troubled to come and see me—he won't trouble. • • • It's finished and done with, and perhaps when he has really gone I shall be able to begin to forget him." She drew a long breath. "I mean to try—I must try."

"Let me speak to him. We've been friends for years. Let me say something to try and put matters right—I implore you!"

She turned her eyes to his pleading face.

"You would only add to my humiliation. No, no—there's no chance that it is just a misunderstanding. • • • We've just got to let things go. We can't stop him—it's too late."

"Philip may have heard that we have been seen about together a great deal; he may be jealous."

She laughed at that.

"That was my hope—but it's dead now—quite dead! I don't believe it ever really existed."

Calligan leaned his head in his hands.

"There must be some explanation," he insisted doggedly. "It's impossible that things can be allowed to end like this—you've only been married such a little while. I—I'd do anything in the world to see you happy."

"I know you would." Her voice softened. She slipped her hand into his with a little confiding gesture. "You've been—oh, such a dear to me! I don't know what I should have done without you! And it can't have been much fun for you—taking me about day after day."

"I've never been so happy in my life," Calligan said hoarsely. The words seemed forced from him. "There is only one thing that could make me happier—and that is to see you and Philip——"

She broke in with a little high-pitched laugh.

"You'll never see that! There's only two weeks left, and miracles don't happen nowadays." She brushed the tears from her eyes. "Don't desert me, Tom—you've stood by so faithfully."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CAPITALIZING THE HOME

—By Loretto C. Lynch—

An Authority on All Mtters Pertaining to Household Management.

IN a small town in the Middle West when the husband and father built a town home for the erstwhile rural family he decided it should be the best in town. The rooms were large. During the war, when every woman was sewing for the Red Cross, Mrs. Turner accommodated as many as one hundred when she rolled back the doors and made one large room of the dining room and drawing room.

Then the day came when a lawyer announced to Widow Turner that the home, free and clear and in her own name, was all she had left. Mrs. Turner decided to capitalize it.

There were several organizations in that town, social, political and philanthropic. There was no town hall, no meeting place, and so it was necessary to meet at the homes of members.

Mrs. Turner offered to rent her large parlor for an afternoon or an evening for fifteen dollars. This included light, heat, and comfortable chairs, as well as the generally pleasant atmosphere.

The first club to avail itself of Mrs. Turner's large room was a ladies' card club. There were fifty women. The committee, when engaging the parlor, asked Mrs. Turner if she could provide some light refreshments for a stated sum. This was her beginning. She charged fifty cents apiece for home-made cake, some dainty sandwiches, and a drink such as chocolate with whipped cream.

When the students of the graduating class in the local high school wanted to have a dance it took Mrs. Turner but a moment to take the rugs from the hardwood floor and remove excess furniture. The parents felt that these students were in excellent surroundings. Later a dancing teacher engaged the large room for her morning classes.

When a man's club engaged the quarters Mrs. Turner arranged ash trays and other little conveniences, and during the winter she served to one club of men the best Welsh rarebit they said they ever tasted.

She watched every opportunity to capitalize her home. For instance, many girls who worked in town lived an hour's journey out in the country. When they wished to stay in town to go to the theater many brought their pretty frocks in to town in the morning. For a small fee they could use Mrs. Turner's home to make their evening toilet before going out.

So, if you are a woman suddenly thrown upon your own resources, try in every way to capitalize your home or your home-making abilities before you decide to cast your lot with the great army of folks who are specially trained for work "outside."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.
Vamping and Cross-Vamping.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young girl sixteen years of age and in love with a man three years my senior. He does not love me but loves my sister. Now, Miss Fairfax I want to know this. My sister loves another fellow who loves me. The second fellow has lots of money and takes me out a lot, but I am never as happy with him because I love the first fellow. My sister thinks I am a vamp, but I am not and do not want to hurt her. She is a vamp herself. The man I love is very good looking and has no money. What shall I do?

DESPERATE DOROTHY.

You are entirely too young to be mixed up in vamping and cross-vamping, such as is indicated by your letter. You and your sister should talk matters over and come to some agreement as to which one of the men you each of you shall go with. Where is your mother while all this complicated vamping is going on?

His Respect Wanes.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Another young man and I went to a public dance hall last evening, which seldom we do, as our dancing is confined mainly to the elite places.

To my amazement, who should be there but a lady friend, with whom I have been keeping comparatively steady company, and for whom I was beginning to care a great deal. I did not speak, as I did not go there to meet anyone, more especially the one whom I was treating with the highest respect.

This goes against my grain, an am afraid my respect has wane considerably.

Am I doing proper in breaking off all relations?

VIRGINIAN.

I think it would be thoroughly unmanly and 100 per cent caddish for you to "break off all relations" simply because you discovered the girl at the public dance hall at the same time she discovered you there. It is within the range of possibility that the waning of your respect was not one whit greater than the waning of hers and that, relatively speaking, the respect of each of you remains the same. Perhaps if you stay away from the public dance hall and take the girl to the "elite places" to which you refer, there will be no further cause for complaint.

She Wants Freedom.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

How old is a girl supposed to be before she begins to go around with company? While living in Maryland does she have to reach the age of twenty-one before she is her own boss? If you would please enlighten me on these two questions I would appreciate it very much.

CURIOUS.

In Maryland a girl can marry at the age of eighteen and this makes her what you call "her own boss." I scent rebellion against parental restraint in your letter. If you are getting good advice at home accept it rather than resent it. Answering your question more specifically—a girl becomes of legal age in Maryland at eighteen.